

FINAL  
RESULTS EDITION

PRICE ONE CENT.

The

EVENING EDITION

"Circulation Books Open to All."

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, JULY 3, 1906.

The World.

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RESULTS EDITION

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## KILLING MADE ON 20 TO 1 SHOT

MRS. THAW SAYS  
ORDEAL WILL NOT  
BREAK HER DOWN

Actress-Wife Talks of Herself to Evening World Reporter in Only Authentic Statement Since White's Murder.

BY ALICE ROHE.

"Please say that I am not breaking down under this terrible strain, and please, please do not further the impression that I am fading away. I am not going to give way; I will not, I must not. I have strength to bear this trouble and it hurts me very much to read in the papers that I am wasting away beneath the strain which has been placed upon me."

Two big brown eyes looked pathetically and appealingly from under the sailor hat shaded by the long brown veil.

They were the eyes of Mrs. Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, which, in spite of her pathetic protest of being able to stand any strain demanded of her, were darkened by circles which told too plainly the struggle this beautiful young girl is having to fight the battle of self-control, self-repression and endurance.

Clad in the same brown coat suit with a cream-colored shirt waist, white collar and black bow tie, with her hands encased in chamois gloves, her sailor hat covered by the ever-present brown veil, Mrs. Thaw visited her husband again to-day in the Tombs.

## NO LONGER DREADS ORDEAL.

"People are all so kind to me that I no longer dread the ordeal of making my way to the Tombs as I did at first," she continued. "Of course, it is very unpleasant to be pursued by cabs and cameras, but I understand that the newspaper men are only performing the duties imposed upon them, to me."

"I am feeling quite well this morning, thank you"—this with a pathetic little smile—"although I am suffering from a bad cold."

"No, I do not eat well, but how can I force down food when I have no inclination to eat? I sleep fairly well, but the fact that I have restless nights is only natural. I am sure any woman in a similar position would not be able to place her head on her pillow and rest calmly till morning."

The weather is so changeable—first hot and then cold, like Saturday—that I must have taken cold that way. It is only temporary, and I wouldn't for the world have any one think I was breaking down—you will understand that, won't you?"

To people who have known of Evelyn Nesbit as the beautiful model and actress who married Millionaire Harry Thaw while he was in the enjoyment of all his wealth, the picture of the gaily butterfly must be changed. The little figure in the Tombs this morning was still the beautiful butterfly, but its wings were drooping, and from the brown eyes there looked forth a spirit of womanliness and patient grief that could only come through sincere feeling and sorrow.

The events of the past week since the pistol of Harry Kendall Thaw brought death to Stanford White have changed Evelyn Nesbit into a woman.

## NEW EXPRESSION IN HER FACE.

Artists who loved to pose this beautiful girl to catch the expression of her face in every whimsical light will find a new expression in the countenance of the wife of Harry Kendall Thaw. Nothing could be more indicative of the awakening of sincere feeling than the pathetic plea that she is not breaking down.

"Both my husband and myself feel very badly about the death of his valet, Bedford," she continued. "Poor fellow, he was a true friend."

"You can readily understand why I cannot discuss any feature of the case. I never have, in spite of the stories reported to come from me. It almost breaks my heart to realize how helpless I am sometimes when I pick up certain papers and find columns of stuff I have never even hinted at."

"When the time comes I will be only too glad to talk. My lawyers understand what is best for me now, for, of course, I might innocently say something that from a legal standpoint would have a technical bearing on the case. My one thought now is to be of service to my husband."

The little figure in brown sitting quietly in the reception-room of the Tombs, speaks the whole story of her present life when she says she wants to be of service to her husband. Whatever may be the impression of the wife of Harry Thaw's past frivolity, there can be no doubt of the great change in her life this tragedy has brought.

In spite of protests that she is physically able to stand any ordeal the young woman shows the severe strain under which she is living. She will not break down, that is certain from the look of determination in her eyes. This young woman, who has passed through the most difficult lesson of her life the past week, shows her character in the words: "I must not, I cannot, I will not break down!"

## SPEAKS OF MOTHER THAW.

When speaking of Mrs. Thaw, sr., who has just reached England, the young wife of Harry Kendall Thaw refers to her as "Mother Thaw." Her concern for the elder woman's sorrow when she heard the news of the tragedy is as solid as only the sentiments of one who really cared could be.

The news that an uptown art store had made a display window of alleged poses of Evelyn Nesbit Thaw labelling it with her name caused Mrs. Thaw to remark: "I must tell my lawyers." The window contains pictures of young women in various states of undress, not Evelyn Nesbit at all. They are carefully mixed in with real poses of the young ex-model, but the added ones are not of the kind for which Mrs. Thaw posed.

"If only I could be spared so much unnecessary publicity and so many false stories, my position would be relieved of a most unpleasant feature," she said, as the warden called her name aloud. There was a new light in her eyes as she stepped to the room to be searched before seeing her husband.

"You do not know what these visits mean to us both," she said.

The little wife of Harry Thaw remained with him one hour and forty

SHOWERS GIVE  
BRIEF RELIEF TO  
HEAT VICTIMS

One Death and Many Prostrations in First Part of Day.

WHOLE CITY SWELTERS.

Humidity High and Heat Intense Until Rain Came—Man Driven Insane.

## THE DEAD.

BAUER, JACOB, forty-two years old, Empire Lodging-House, One Hundred and Twenty-third street and Third avenue; overcome while heating carpets in a vacant lot at One Hundred and Eleventh street and Fifth avenue. Died before an ambulance arrived.

## INSANE FROM HEAT.

KIRKMAN, THOMAS, forty years old, of No. 348 South Fifth street, Brooklyn; taken to Bellevue Hospital, No. 310 Hudson street; insanity, caused by heat.

## PROSTRATIONS.

BENJAMIN, WILLIAM, thirty-six years old, No. 330 East Ninety-eighth street, overcome at No. 538 Fifth avenue; Bellevue.

CROSBY, PATRICK, fifty years old, No. 583 Park avenue, Brooklyn; Cumberland street.

DIVVER, PHILIP, seventy years old, No. 628 Bergh street, Brooklyn; St. Mary's.

FEEL, MINNIE, twenty-two years old, No. 144 West One Hundred and Thirtieth street, overcome at No. 850 Broadway, New York.

FREY, Mrs. OTHELIA, thirty-five, No. 125 East One Hundred and Fourth street, overcome at Bronx Park; Fordham.

KENDRIGAN, WILLIAM, nine years old, of No. 873 First avenue, City Hospital, on Blackwell's island.

MEYER, THOMAS, twenty-seven, of No. 546 West One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street, overcome at Broadway and Wall street; Hudson street.

OSTRICH, ARTHUR, fifty years old, of No. 405 West Fortieth street; Hudson street.

TOSTI, ROSE, nineteen, of No. 212 Seventh street, overcome on street; taken home.

WALLS, WILLIAM, thirty-eight years old, No. 2050 Park avenue, Lincoln Hospital.

Relief in the shape of a brisk rain-storm, with little puffs of southerly wind, finally came this afternoon, after the killing heat of the first half of the day had caused one death and many prostrations.

The shower didn't last very long, but long enough to take some of the sting out of the blistering pavement and freshen the wilted vegetation in the parks and breathing places. In the tenements it was a blessing to thousands of sufferers.

Despite a thin fleece of shower clouds that occasionally shrouded the sun like an automobile veil across a bearing this morning the heat became intense before the day had more than got its start. The asphalt quickly took on the consistency of warmed coal tar, and the hospitals, taking time and the weather by their damp and dripping forelocks, made ready for sunstroke cases and hurried ambulance calls on behalf of those whom the heat waves might mow under. At 11 A. M. the temperature was 89 and the humidity 62, but the rainstorm coming up soon after began to cool off the air, and the temperature fell.

Brooklyn reported the first prostrations of the day.

Pat Crosby, fifty years old, of No. 592 Park avenue, was overcome in a cell in the Vernon avenue police station, where he had been locked up on a charge of disorderly conduct. He was taken to the Cumberland street Hospital in a serious condition.

Philip Divver, seventy years old, of No. 628 Bergh street, suffered from his room to the sidewalk in hopes of finding a vagrant breeze. Half way down the steps he fainted and fell the length of the stairs. His head was badly cut, Dr. Ward took the old man to St. Mary's Hospital in an ambulance.

The first Manhattan prostration reported for the day was that of a man only five feet in height and weighing a vigorous 125 pounds. He was taken to Hudson street Hospital, and later identified as Arthur Ostrich, of No. 405 West Fortieth street.

Rob says power, that, which feet with Omega Oil. Trial bottle 10c.

## BASEBALL

PHILADELPHIA 4, BOSTON 3.—(N. L.)  
PHILADELPHIA ..... 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 3—4  
BOSTON ..... 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 2—3

BOSTON AT WASHINGTON (A. L.)—CALLED.  
BOSTON ..... 0 0 0 0 0—0  
WASHINGTON ..... 0 2 3 0 0—5

NEWARK AT JERSEY CITY (E. L.)  
NEWARK ..... 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—1  
JERSEY CITY ..... 0 0 0 1 1 0 0 0—2

DETROIT AT CLEVELAND (A. L.)—CALLED.  
DETROIT ..... 0 0 0 0 0 0—0  
CLEVELAND ..... 0 0 2 1 2 0—5

At Buffalo (E. L.)—Toronto 5, Buffalo 3.  
At Rochester (E. L.)—Montreal 2, Rochester 6.  
At Chicago (A. L.)—2d game, end fifth: St. Louis, 0; Chic, 3.

## LATE LATONIA RESULTS.

Fourth—Miltiades 1-1, Cottontown 4-1 place, Fortunate.  
Fifth—Yowric 2-5, Marmoreau 4-5 place, Chocolate Drop.

## AT KENILWORTH.

Fifth—Tamaceo 7-2, Fleeting Star 7-2 pl. Dixie Jane.  
Sixth—Martin Doyle 4-5, Hera out place, Mias.

## AT WINDSOR.

First—Nervator, Roviana, Koenigin Luise.  
Second—Attention, Matta, Dick Shanley.  
Third—Sully, St. Tammany, Request.  
Fourth—Minot, Dyanne, St. Clair.

POLICEMAN BITTEN BY  
MAD DOG ON BROADWAY

Meyer Carried Brute Out of Sight of Women at Longacre Square Before Shooting It.

Long Acre Square was terrorized to-day by a mad dog which ran around snapping at the luncheoners, pedestrians and horses until Traffic Policeman John C. Meyer caught and killed it. Meyer was bitten in the struggle, but calmly carried the struggling, frothing animal out of sight of the frightened women in the Hotel Astor before ending its life.

"I didn't want to kill the mutt in front of those women," was his apologetic explanation as he went to a drug store to have his wound cauterized.

The dog was a fifty-pound mutt of no particular breed, but he attracted more attention than a bench favorite when he appeared barking, snapping and foaming at the mouth.

There were cries of "mad dog" as the men and women on the sidewalks sought shelter in the nearest doorways. Cautious hasty scrambled to get their seats and whipped up to get their horses out of reach of the snapping beast. The dog, barking furiously, followed each retreating horse, biting at its legs.

The mad brute soon had everything to himself and pranced up and down in front of the Hotel Astor, barking at the women in the windows, leaping up in the air and snapping at the out of sight of the frightened women in the Hotel Astor before ending its life.

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SARATOGA FLYER  
ON 50-MILE DASH  
HURLED IN DITCH

Pullmans Turn Over in Jumping the Rails, but Nobody Injured.

PENED IN WRECKAGE.

Passengers Held in the Cars Some Time Before Rescuers Could Reach Them.

BALLSTON, N. Y., July 3.—The Saratoga limited, on the Delaware and Hudson road, the finest and fastest passenger train running between Saratoga and New York, was wrecked in this village early to-day, and although the train was completely demolished, not a passenger was killed or injured.

Several passengers were imprisoned in the shattered cars, and it was some time before all were taken out. The cars were thrown clear off the tracks, landing in a ditch alongside the track.

The train left Saratoga at 7:40 with twenty passengers and a crew of seven. At the north end of this village the Schenectady Electric Railway connects with the steam railway. The switch tender made a mistake and opened the switch, thinking it was the local train, to be side-tracked. Instead it was the limited, going fifty miles an hour.

When it reached the switch there was a crash and the entire train leaped from the track. The engine parted from the cars and landed in a ditch on its side.

Engineer Edward Crane and Fireman William Flannery stuck to their posts and were not injured.

The four passenger cars followed the track for a few feet and then overturned and went into the ditch. The fact that the engine parted from the train and went to one side, preventing telescoping, probably saved a score of lives.

The limited was due in New York at 11:15 A. M. today.

The engineer afterward said that the slip was not right. It is believed the switch was turned just before the train reached the junction.

Supt. Benjamin, of the Delaware and Hudson, said the wreck was clearly due to the mistake made by the switchman.

PARK SWIMMER HAD  
COSTUME OF ADAM

Two young women attending the summer school at Columbia University who were studying nature in Bronx Park ran up to Patrolman Gallagher, near the river, this afternoon. All were blushing.

"Oh, Mr. Policeman," they chorused, "there is a horrid man bathing over there in the river, and he's naked!"

"Is he?" and they blushed some more.

Gallagher went in the direction indicated and found a specimen of nature undressed; but not of the kind for which the fair biologists were looking. It was Louis Curt, twenty years old of Two Hundred and Ninth street, and the young women. He felt the heat so much that he positively had to have a swim, so he jumped in, after removing his clothes, without considering the park ordinances, or that it would have been more discreet to wear a bathing suit. Gallagher took Curt to Harlem Police Court, where Magistrate Barker fined him a dollar. He stayed in the court prison until 1 o'clock and was then released.

MISS SUTTON WINS  
IN TENNIS DOUBLES.

WIMBLEDON, England, July 3.—In the fourth round of the mixed doubles Miss Sutton and G. W. Hillyard beat Mrs. W. V. Eaves and Mrs. Terry by 6-3, 6-0.

In the fourth round of the ladies' doubles Miss Sutton and Mrs. Hillyard beat Mrs. Morton and Miss Holden by 6-3, 6-0.

LATONIA RACE TRACK, July 3.—The races here to-day resulted as follows:

FIRST RACE—Six furlongs—Granada (even) and 2 to 1, Buchoir (to 1 for place) 2, Hector 3. Time—1:14.5.

A. Muskoday, Backed from 20 to 1 Down to 10 to 1, Is a Big Upset to Backers of Favorite in Fifth Race.

MILLER RIDES TWO WINNERS  
IN THE FIRST THREE RACES

Early Showers Make Fast Track Dope Useless and Drench Crowd on Its Way to the Course After the First Event Is Run.

## BY FRANK THORP.

(Special to The Evening World.)

SHEPHERD BAY RACE TRACK, July 3.—The Handicap, the fifth race on the programme here to-day, resulted in a big surprise. A Muskoday, backed from 20 to 1 down to 40 to 1, won easily, after leading all the way. The favorite, Grenade, ran a fair race, finishing second.

## SHEEPSHEAD RESULTS.

FIRST RACE—J. C. Core (5 to 1 and 2 to 1) 1, Smiling Tom (2 to 1 for place) 2, Yorkist 3.

SECOND RACE—Tiptoe (even and out) 1, Brookline Nymph (out for place) 2, Mandarin 3.

THIRD RACE—Long Run (11 to 20 and out) 1, El Cuchillo (out for place) 2, Divider 3.

FOURTH RACE—Dashaway (16 to 5 and 4 to 1) 1, Don Enrique (1 to 2 for place) 2, Montgomery 3.

FIFTH RACE—A. Muskoday (12 to 1) 1, Grenade (6 to 5 for place) 2, Cederstrom 3.

SIXTH RACE—John Lyle (10 to 1 and 4 to 1) 1, Onatas (3 to 1 for place) 2, Lady Ellison 3.

J. C. Core Wins Easily.

J. C. Core went to the front soon after the start, made all the running, and won easily by a length and a half from Smiling Tom, who closed with a rush and beat Yorkist a length for the place. Frank Hill was prominent in the stretch, and then died away.

Tiptoe Never in Trouble.

Tiptoe raced to the front at the start and was never in trouble, winning as he pleased—by three lengths—from Brookline Nymph, who brought all the way did not appear to relax the going and just managed to beat Mandarin half a length.

Stable Runs One, Two.

Long Run went to the front at the start, and made all the running, won by forty lengths from the stablemate, El Cuchillo, who beat Divider forty lengths from the front. Frank Hill, who looked the stable's only contender, fell at the clubhouse jump on the second time around.

Don Enrique Outgamed.

Don Enrique made the running, followed by Dashaway and Montgomery. They ran this way to the stretch, where Dashaway went to the front, and outgamed John Lyle and Lady Ellison, who looked the stable's only contender, fell at the clubhouse jump on the second time around.

Easy for Muskoday.

A. Muskoday won the fifth race. He was backed from 20 to 1 to 40 to 1 and won easily by a length and a half from Grenade, who was second all the way. Cederstrom was third, two lengths away. Agile, the favorite, was off badly and had no chance.

Bundoran Took a Long Run.

While the horses were lined up at the barrier in the sixth race Bundoran suddenly bolted forward and the barrier swung back from his back. Bundoran then started on a trip which lasted five times around the course.

Sally went to the front early in the race, but was overtaken by Janeta, who showed the way to the stretch, followed by John Lyle and Lady Ellison. Bundoran then started on a trip which lasted five times around the course.

John Lyle went to the front and won by a length and a half from Onatas, who beat Lady Ellison the same distance for the place.

The ring was scoured a bit on Muskoday, but the killing was confined to only a few wags. Somebody made a bundle, but did it so quietly that few of the regulars were aware of it.

Races were run in mud this afternoon. While the betting was going on in the first race a heavy shower drenched thousands on their way to the course and converted the track into a mudhole within a few minutes.

The card was unattractive. There was no stake at all except the Bucks away Cup for steeplechases, and this was a dismal affair. The Weather entry, Long Run and El Cuchillo, were strong favorites, but as Gamcock, the only contender, fell early, the race was a procession, with Long Run flying length in front of El Cuchillo, who was as far in front of Divider.

The opening dash for two-year-olds was easy for J. C. Core, a 5 to 1 chance, who ran in the slip as he liked it, and won easily by a length and a half from Smiling Tom, who closed with a rush and beat Yorkist a length for the place. Frank Hill was prominent in the stretch, and then died away.

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